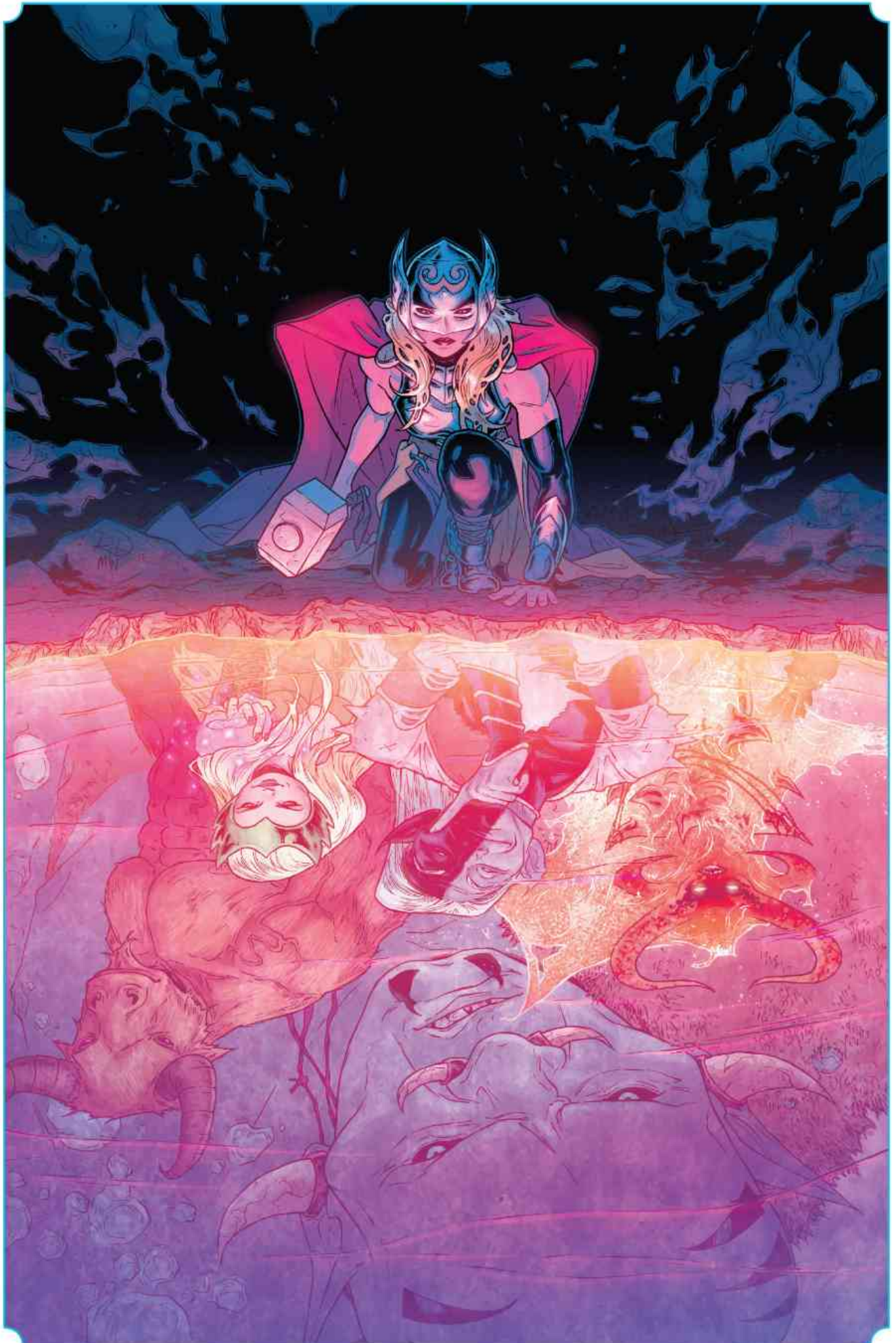




THE SAGA OF THOR AND LOKI

 **ALFHEIM,**
LAND OF THE
LIGHT ELVES.

HOW ABOUT
A *CHAT*? JUST
YOU AND ME.

NO
TRICKS, I
SWEAR.

DO YOU
TRULY EXPECT
ME TO BELIEVE
THAT, LOKI, COMING
FROM THE LIVES
OF YOU?

I DO,
ACTUALLY. YOU
MORE THAN ANYONE
SHOULD APPRECIATE THE
POWER OF CHANGE, MY
LADY, AND THE STUBBORN
RESISTANCE SOME
PEOPLE CAN HAVE
TO IT.

ASGARD
STANDS ON THE
BRINK OF *CIVIL WAR*,
IN PART BECAUSE
YOU HOLD THAT
HAMMER.

ASGARD
STANDS ON THE BRINK OF
CIVIL WAR FOR
ONE REASON
ONLY:

ODIN.

BELIEVE ME,
I WAS DRIVING THE
ALL-FATHER MAD LONG
BEFORE YOU EVER
CANOODLED YOUR FIRST
THUNDERSTORM.

BUT THAT WAS
THE *OLD* LOKI. A
DASHING FELLOW, TO BE
SURE, BUT ALAS, HE GOT
A BIT *BORED* ALWAYS
PICKING THE BONES
OF THOSE SAME
WITHERED SAGAS.

AN
ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT
THOR DESERVES
AN ALL-NEW,
ALL-DIFFERENT
LOKI.

HELLO.
THAT'S ME.



THOR AND
LOKI. WE ALL
KNOW HOW
THAT STORY
GOES.

LOKI LIES.
LOKI PLAYS CRUEL
THOUGH ADMITTEDLY
CLEVER TRICKS. THOR
HITS LOKI REPEATEDLY
WITH A HAMMER.

HOW MANY
DIFFERENT VERSIONS
OF THAT SAME SCUFFLE
HAVE WE SEEN OVER THE
CENTURIES? MORE THAN I
CARE TO COUNT. YET WHERE
DID THAT CYCLE OF LIES
AND HAMMERS EVER LEAD
US, EXCEPT TO MORE
RAGNAROKS?

I'M FAR
MORE INTERESTED
IN SAILING OUR
COLLECTIVE NARRATIVE
INTO UNCHARTED
WATERS.



YOU'VE ALREADY **DONE** THAT, HAVEN'T YOU?
WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT, YOU'VE
CHANGED MORE THAN JUST THE
WORDS ON THAT HAMMER'S
INSCRIPTION.

YOU'VE
CHANGED THE
LIVES OF **GODS**.
IMPRESSIVE, CONSIDERING
I'M NOT ENTIRELY
SURE YOU EVEN
ARE ONE.

BUT THAT
HASN'T STOPPED
YOU FROM BUILDING YOUR OWN
MYTHOLOGY, HAS IT? LATELY, I'VE
BEEN BUSY DOING THAT AS WELL.

BUT NOW I'M
BACK, AT LONG
LAST, READY TO RESUME
MY TIME-HONORED ROLE
AS THE MOST IMPORTANT
SUPPORTING PLAYER
IN THE LIFE OF THE
MIGHTY THOR!



THOUGH
WITHOUT THE
LIES THIS TIME.
WITHOUT THE
SAME OLD DIRTY
TRICKS.

LIKE YOU, I
WANT TO FORGE
MY OWN DIRECTION.
TO MELD AN OLD
NAME WITH A
STARTLING NEW
IDENTITY.

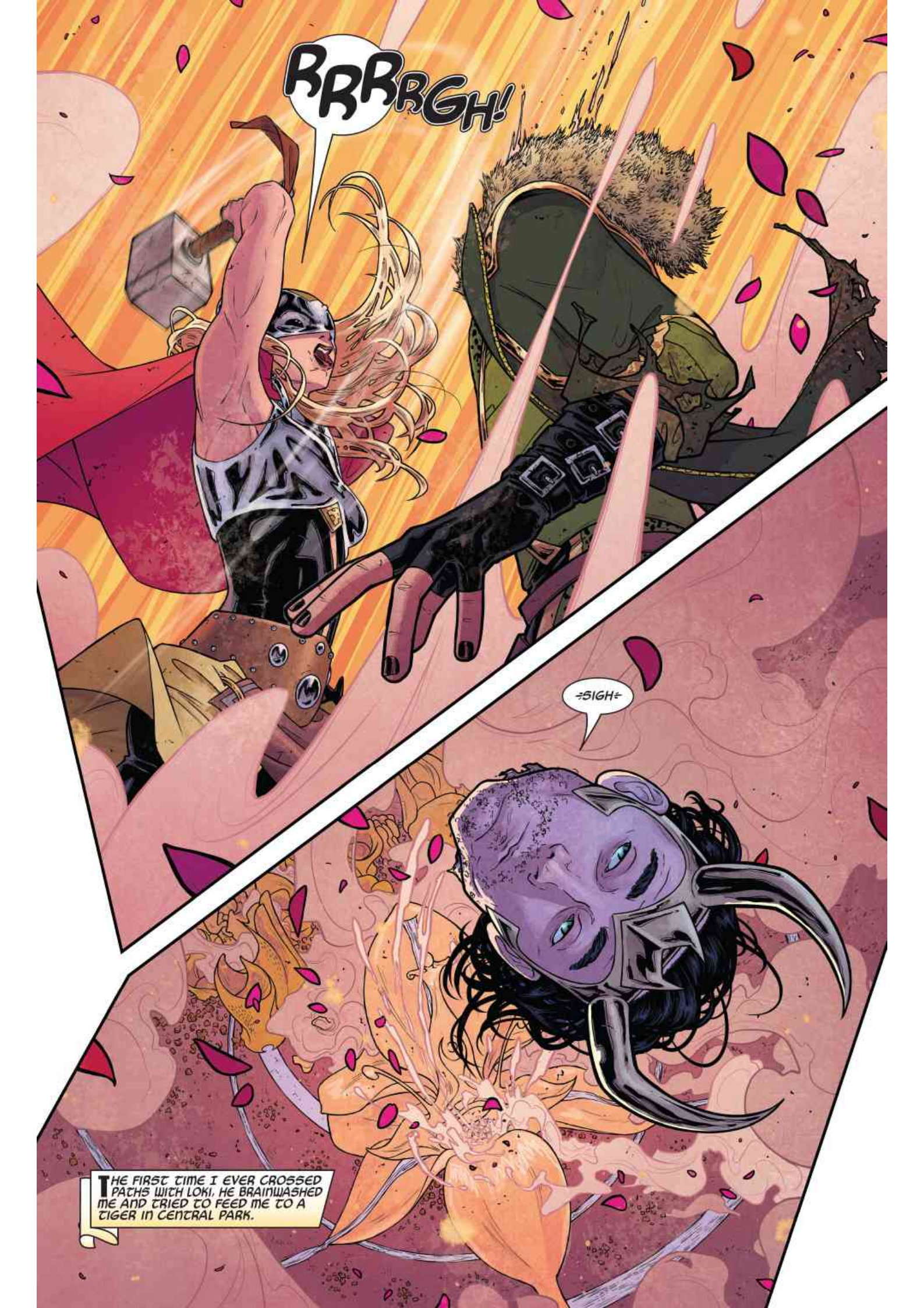
TO SPEAK
FRANKLY...



I WANT TO
BE MORE THAN
JUST THE SUM
OF ALL MY LIES. I
WANT TO HELP
YOU END THIS
WAR.

FOR ONCE,
I'D LIKE TO BE
A LOKI...MY **MOTHER**
CAN ACTUALLY BE
PROUD OF.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY, THOR?
DOES THAT SOUND
LIKE SOMETHING
WE CAN--

A comic book panel showing Thor on the left, wearing his silver armor and red cape, swinging his hammer Mjolnir. He has a determined expression. On the right, a villain with a green, furry, ape-like head and a dark green tunic is being hit by the hammer. The villain has a pained expression. The background is a bright orange and yellow sky with falling pink petals. A diagonal white line separates the top action from the bottom scene.

RRRRGH!

=SIGH=

THE FIRST TIME I EVER CROSSED
PATHS WITH LOKI, HE BRAINWASHED
ME AND TRIED TO FEED ME TO A
TIGER IN CENTRAL PARK.

YMIR'S FROZEN WHISKERS.

IN THOSE DAYS, HE WAS ALWAYS KIDNAPPING ME TO USE AS A PROP IN HIS SCHEMES AGAINST THOR.

HE TREATED ME AS A PLAYTHING. NEVER CARING IF I LIVED OR DIED.

IF HE KNEW IT WAS JANE FOSTER WHO NOW COMMANDS THE THUNDER, HE'D KNOW NOT TO WASTE HIS WRETCHED BREATH.

THIS IS ONE THOR WHO WILL NEVER TRUST A LOKI.

APPARENTLY YOU'RE NOT THAT DIFFERENT FROM MY BROTHER AFTER ALL.

HE'S ALWAYS BEEN MUCH BETTER AT HITTING PEOPLE THAN LISTENING TO THEM.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID NO TRICKS.

YES, WELL, I'VE LEARNED TO BE RATHER CAUTIOUS WHEN DEALING WITH THOSE OF A THUNDEROUS PERSUASION.

SHALL WE TRY THIS AGAIN? AS I SAID, I ONLY CAME HERE TO...

SORRY! YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP!!!



...ONLY CAME
HERE TO TALK
ABOUT HOW WE
CAN END THIS...
THIS...

AGGHH,
THINK MY
DONGUE IS
ON FIRE.



THAT DOES
HURT, YOU KNOW.
JUST BECAUSE IT'S
MAGIC DOESN'T
MEAN THEY'RE
NOT A PART
OF ME.

TAKE ALL THE
PARTS OF YOU AND
LEAVE THIS REALM BE.
YOUR LIES WILL NOT
END THE WAR OF
THE ELVES.

"ALL THE
PARTS OF ME." I
WONDER IF YOU
EVEN KNOW
WHAT THAT
MEANS.



I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE BENEATH THAT
HELMET, BUT I GATHER
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
PLAYING THIS GAME
FOR LONG.

I HAVE. FOR
LONGER THAN
THE STARS HAVE
BEEN TWINKLING
IN THE SKY.

I TOLD YOU,
I DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT. I'M TRYING
TO TURN THE OTHER
CHEEK HERE. AS THE
MORTALS ARE FOND
OF SAYING. THOUGH
I WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW...

...JUST
HOW MANY
CHEEKS DO
YOU THINK IT
WILL TAKE?



YOU SAY
YOU DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT. YET
YOU BRING AN
ARMY.

SO BE IT.
I BROUGHT
ONE AS
WELL.

ITS
NAME IS
MJOLNIR.



AH, IT APPEARS WE'VE TRANSFORMED THOR INTO A SURLY WENCH. A SPLENDID TRICK.

IF SHE'S THOR, WHY ARE WE NOT KILLING HER? OR AT LEAST KIDNAPPING SOMEONE SHE LOVES.

BORING. I THINK IS WHAT YOU MEAN.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

WE DON'T REALLY DO THAT SORT OF THING ANYMORE.

IT'S CALLED CHARACTER GROWTH. WE'RE OLDER AND WISER NOW. ALSO YOUNGER.



YOU, BOY, ARE A PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A LOKI. A BIT OF SCRUFF ON YOUR CHIN CANNOT HIDE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE MILK IN YOUR VEINS INSTEAD OF BLOOD AND FIRE.

IF YOU WON'T EVEN BATTLE A THOR, THEN WHAT--

ALWAYS WITH THE BATTLING! I TOLD YOU, I'M SICK TO DEATH OF THE SAME OLD--



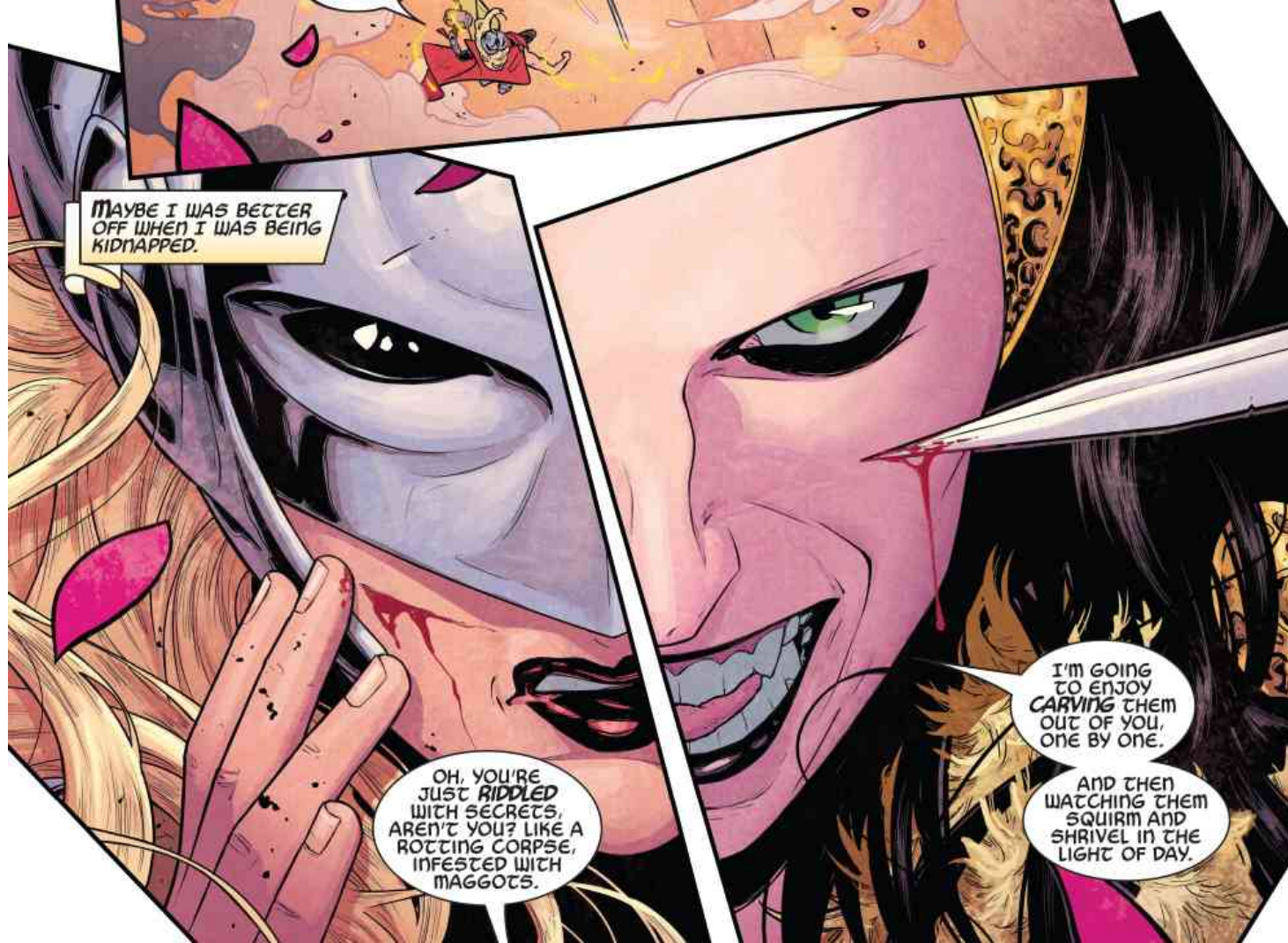
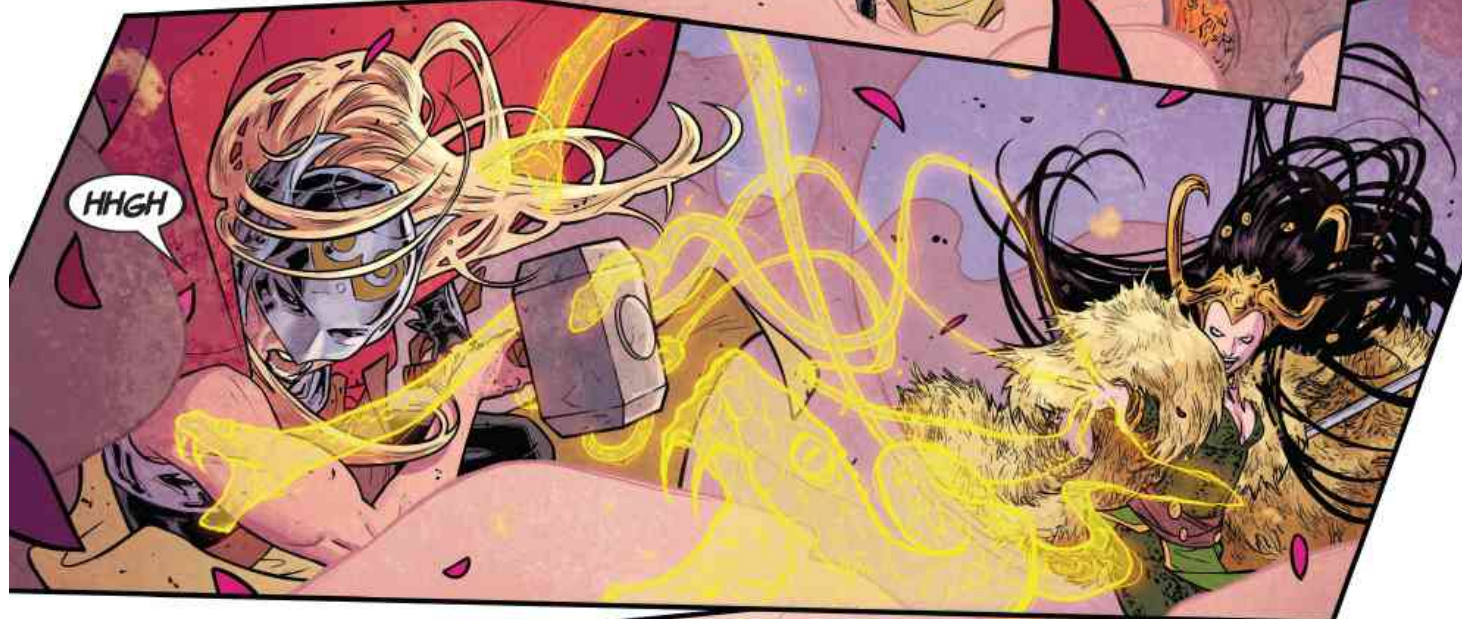
HNNGH



YOU'RE RIGHT, NO NEED TO KEEP FIGHTING THE SAME BATTLE OVER AND OVER. BUT YOU ARE FORGETTING...

THERE IS ONE VERSION OF THOR VS. LOKI WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.





OH, YOU'RE JUST RIDDLED WITH SECRETS, AREN'T YOU? LIKE A ROTTING CORPSE, INFESTED WITH MAGGOTS.

I'M GOING TO ENJOY CARVING THEM OUT OF YOU, ONE BY ONE.

AND THEN WATCHING THEM SQUIRM AND SHRIVEL IN THE LIGHT OF DAY.







WE ALL KNOW HOW YOUR STORY ENDS, LADY THOR. YOU'RE JUST KEEPING THAT MJOLNIR WARM FOR A BIT, AREN'T YOU? SOONER OR LATER, THE ODINSON WILL COME BACK TO RECLAIM HIS HAMMER.

WHY NOT JUST CUT TO THE CHASE AND WRAP THIS LITTLE CHARADE UP GRACEFULLY?

IF YOU WANT TO GO OUT LIKE A REAL THOR, WHAT BETTER WAY... THAN AT THE HANDS OF A LOKI?

DON'T WORRY, I PROMISE TO MAKE IT SLOW AND PAINFUL.



KRA-KOOOOM



YOU'RE NOT THE REAL LOKI.

YOU'RE NOT THE REAL THOR. WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

I AM SICK OF YOUR TRICKERY.

I'M SICK OF YOUR LIGHTNING. PERHAPS THAT MAKES US EVEN?

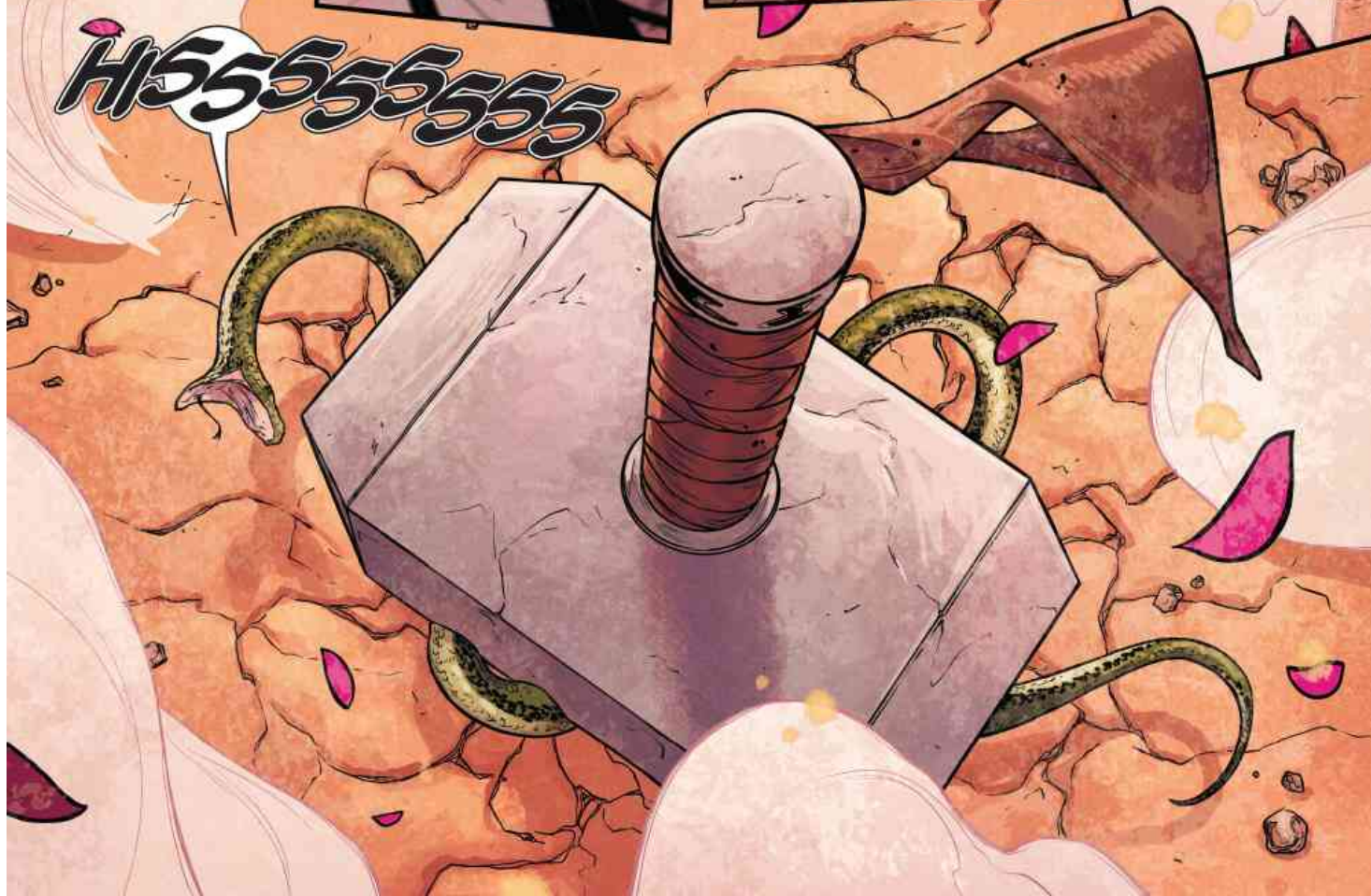
MJOLNIR...



END THIS.



H15555555





AH. BRAVO.



I SUPPOSE YOU CAN TEACH AN OLD HAMMER NEW TRICKS.

FOR YOUR NEXT TRICK, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D MIND... PICKING IT UP?



YOU SAID YOU WISHED TO TALK. SO TALK.

WHY HAVE YOU COME TO ALFHEIM? ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH **MALEKITH THE ACCURSED**? WHAT OTHER FORCES HAVE JOINED HIS CAUSE?

UURGGH, YOU'RE RIGHT.



NEVER REALLY WANTED TO TALK. THAT WAS AN EVIL LIE.

GODS, IT FEELS GOOD TO BE DOING THAT AGAIN.

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE?

WAS SENT TO KILL YOU. BUT REALLY, I WAS ONLY STALLING.



SO THAT WE COULD BOTH DIE TOGETHER.

WHAT IN ALL THE REALMS...?







IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE...MY THOUGHTS TURN TO THUNDER.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER, I'M NOT THINKING AT ALL ABOUT CANCER OR CHEMO OR THE PROBLEMS OF POOR, FRAIL JANE FOSTER.



IN THAT MOMENT... I AM THOR. AND NOTHING ELSE.

I AM THE GODDESS OF THUNDER, NOW AND--

I'M ONE WITH THE STORM.

WILLING IT TO LIFT THESE BOMBS UP HIGHER AND HIGHER.

AND PRAYING TO ALL THE GODS THAT IT'S ENOUGH.



"...THIS LITTLE WAR IN ALFHEIM IS *NOTHING* COMPARED TO THE ONE THAT'S JUST ABOUT TO EXPLODE..."

"...IN
ASGARD."

BRING FORTH
THE PRISONER!
THIS COURT IS
READY TO SIT IN
JUDGMENT OF
HER CRIMES!



MAY THE
FATES HAVE
MERCY ON YOUR
SOUL, LADY
FREYJA!

FOR
ALL-FATHER
ODIN WILL
NOT.

